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GIVING UP

*True to my knowledge
They are to me my life.
A parental kingdom
And I the golden scepter*

*How lucky I am
With a fate so great
In which
Unburnished are only those:
Maternal care that doesn't descend
And paternal care with no declivity
Where I stand demented to them.*

*True are your words
Loveable Prophet
Elysium I do find
Under my mother's feet
And dad I am happy
You make Sylvia Plath envy me.*

*I know you scuffed a lot
To transcend me
Making me enthralled
In your infused love.*

*I know you dad
Trying to inspire*

*My infract and
Infuriated mind.*

*I know you mom
Withstanding all reprobation
For your son to earn fame.*

*I know you both
Wanted me to be
Pure
Pruned
And even prudent.*

*I now don't say
I am through
But I am there
Just from now on
Giving up this malignity.*

SWEET LITTLE KISS

*Where in the world, you don't see,
A stem with petals, leaves coloured green
Dancing to the music, the wind's tune,*

*Fences with filled fragrance, the jasmine
Or the marigold, all so bright, twinkling.*

Feast and feast to the cornea,

*Heart with pleasure induces a long stand
Gaping and gaping the sun flowers
White and red and yellow or gold,
Silvery, even blue with leaves seen,
It's all these creatures ever so been.*

*Wordsworthian joy I feel, glancing at the
spectrum,
And heart in random I tried to pluck them.
Punishment, instant from the heaven
My fingers bleed through the prick,*

Sweet little kiss of the thorn.

MY HOME TOWN

*Fenced with deep Blue Mountains,
There lies a town with exuberance,
Where extraneous men exult,
Extending their explorations.*

*Their eye strings expand,
On the quaintness of the land,
Which makes them tramp
Over the town, day and night.*

*They walk happy in the woods,
To watch the yaks and yeanlings,
And succumb to the coldness,
With a cheery visage.*

*Unity in diversity elates a lot,
In the dewy, dense Eden
Luxuriant with love and hospitality,
My duty, to flatter and loiter ooty.*

CONTRARY THOUGHTS

*Contrary thoughts
Like a thunder
Lightens my eye balls
And flashes like a drifting wave
Straight down the spine.*

*With each pressure
It provokes a message
Known to the soul
And
Hidden to the brain.*

*It gives
A mélange of emotions
To grieve
To ponder
To brood and cry.*

*Shrieking of the heart
Is music
Like that off jazz and rock*

*Unheard
But melody my dear
Never falls at my veins.*

*Now whose mistake it is?
To repent lifelong.
Should I surrender
To the destiny
Or the destiny maker?
Choice is mine
And I should feel for it
With a smile
For regrets and pardons
Never wanted
Me to cry.
To this moment
I need her with that shy.*

*Long awaited mystery
In my life
Needs a bit of tragedy
For its sake
And then who knows
Happy ending
Could be its cause.*

DREAMS

Dreams are the same,

*Cheats like the above blue,
Which dream I dreamt
Has, dreamt, its blue dream?
Every inch of its,
Plethora causes a tumult,
Being it in the sanctum sanctorum,
Of, the temple, top wishes.
March may come, and
Join with May,
Like an April,
I stand a fool.
Dreams at heart,
Wishes at the brow,
Future deep in eyes,
And it's a tarnished dream,
Can't get its way,
Even to a distance,
Where, vision plunges.
And who can read my poetry?
Who can judge?
The depth of its inner intensity,
Good God, I can write an elegy,
Well, but who shall... I show it to.*

A DREAM SO BAD

*One cold evening
I saw a shallop
Moving and trembling
Towards the basalt shore.*

*The wind was frightful
And less to be admired.*

*The little thing galloped
To the billow
In that soft
And shallow water.
Goggling far
To its interior
At a distance
A blacky shadow I saw.*

*It was in fact
Black and flat.*

*The insight
Made me a lot to palpitate
And my gullet
Gushed so harsh.*

*The bright one star
And the round moon
Already in business
Insinuated a mishap
To future up
Leading to my epilepsy.*

*Fright chased me
And I ran across
The promenade and
Obtruded in the woods
Finding safety
In a bough
Of a prolific juniper.*

*Still that shadow
Now with a dagger
Followed for glory
Taking form
Of an aviated magpie.*

*I knew it would
But I didn't know
When it did catch me
And popped out
The blazing hot red chilly eyes
Holding me by my neck.*

*Then I knew it did
But I didn't know*

*When it thrust its dagger
Into the vocal cords
Gyrating my larynx
To suck the brown-red blood
Oozing forcefully
From the wind pipe.*

*Now I knew it should
And all I knew was
That I fell with a thud
From the high branches
Yelling for sure like a goat.*

*I now knew I shouldn't
But all I did was
To open my eyes
Which was prickly.*

*I should or shouldn't see?
What I did was
I did see
And I saw with blurred eyes
Those five members around
Who gave a giggle
And I knew one gave a kick
On my back.*

*I woke up steadfast
And found myself...
Believe it or not
I was down from my cot.*

*What shall I say?
And what did they say?
I only remember
That I did say
Thank God
It was a dream so bad.*

TRANQUILIZED THOUGHT

*A tranquilized thought
At the foliage of a tree
A casuarina in fact
With a carcoon in its bough.*

*I dilly – dally often
In the heart of the woods
Wild black woods
Swampy with red pine leaves
Fully shed and
Obscure in foggy dews.*

*This tranquilized thought
Pre-ponders over the conscience
And I feel scared and scary
With a lubbard friend
Grasping each noise for hell.*

*I move lief
Like a dottard
Stepping each step
Hoping to slip and fall
Holding the breath for posterity.*

*A black boar
Crosses the parallel lined pines
Flashing its sharp tongue
As if to eat the whole nature.
It limps and runs*

Only frightened but frightening.

*I turn to see
And my friend is lost.
He goes through the meadows
While I still tramp
Over the swampy thorn bushes.*

*Trying to leap a steep
I broke my limbs
Finally to crawl with hands;
Still I whistled that old song
With painful moans as a backdrop.*

*The hill top is seen clearly
And I need to crawl some miles
Well I still hummed with pain
And looked back
To find him going home
That friend of mine.*

*I fell to sleep
But that tranquilized thought
Pushed my weakened limbs
To crawl for glory.*

B(E)UTTER FLY

*Your wings like those of angels'
You multi-coloured pests of summer
Haunt and haunt
Many a flowers like you.
Even the pullulated ones
You fondle with
But never in question
Is your prudency.*

*You adhere with the mulberries
Which starts and ends you juvenile.
Nothing you have to worry upon
And nothing seems to make you sad.
Everlasting frolic
Keeps you up charming.*

*The sweetness of the flowers
And its radiance
Sings twice a lullaby
To make you sit and sleep
And you meditate along with its bloom.*

*With the swinging wind
You become a carrying agent
Transferring from one to many
The pollens.*

*No pages of books
You have to read.
No galvanizing news
You have to hear.
Your eyes are blind
Your ears are shut
To look at the dread
And thousands dead.*

*You need not hear their screams
Over the gun shot.*

Beware of your misfortunes too.

*Your frolic nature
May envy many.
It can't be those gunmen
'Cause they are reserved
For me and us.
Never can their bombs
Blast you
Nor can their bullets
Reach you.*

*But the senocular insects
May fray upon you.*

*Unrelenting reptiles
May catch you prey.*

*The wagtail
Can poke her beak in you.*

*The way farer
Can silk you out.*

*Beware you butterfly
Better fly.
I cannot be
Your fanatic for long.*

SARCASTIC LOVE

*Drab storm
Leaves behind
Imprints of hardcore memories
To look back.*

*When thought about the future
You have nothing
But a well wisher's
Dry and sardonic wish
Which capitulates for moments
Lengthening your thoughts
Of how to live a dead end
Without those memories green.*

*Every minute it may leap
With you to the grave
And neither your past
Nor your upcoming is worthwhile.*

*I never complain my heart aches.
Its done and given forever.*

*True love gets its reward
This way or the other.
When thought about
You get nothing
Than a pain in your chest.*

*Heated arguments end up
With a slash
And with a question mark
It starts up again
This sarcastic love
Pulling mementos of hard words,*

*MY PARSI FRIEND'S FRUSTRATION
OVER HIS DEATH*

*Where eagles there
I lie on the tower of silence
With unfolded legs
Clasped hands
Dry eyes
And mouthful chants
Tongue tied.*

*Eagles fly
And I fly with them.
A yogic autopsy
I feel running cold
Over my body.
This time eagles stopped*

*Vultured on me
And I did not fly
But started to stink
As time started to run.*

*My nirvana
A feast ready to serve
Hundreds in number
Eyeing to poke my flesh.*

*I never fed any
And I grew this pot belly
Now I serve me
Myself a grand feast to them.*

*Why wait
Come take my brains
For a dessert.*

MESS WITH CHICKEN SOUP

*Hot pepper chicken soup,
O' dear, it's steaming, steaming,
Want it with greens and leaves,
Funny sound, it's bubbling, bubbling.*

*Is it going to be sweet?
I know, in the pan, it's boiling, boiling,
My belly is now so hungry,
O' dear it's dreaming, dreaming.*

*Lumps of chickens sliced,
And here my mouth is luring, luring,
Will it be served now or never?
Ah! My nose goes sniffing, sniffing.*

*Want to nip a sip,
Eat the whole bowl, I am feeling, feeling,
There she comes, maiden my angel,
It stinks, cabbage in, I am running, running.*

HUNGRY MAN

*He seeks
At morn
At noon
And eve.*

*God, it has
A fiendish look
But
With a woeful agony.*

*That heart within
Burns
Higher and higher
Every day.*

*The glorious sun
Up rises,
All in a hot,
And the horned moon,
With one bright star
Spreads its way
Cool in the firmament.
But
That heart within
Burns
Higher and higher*

Every day.

*Day by day
Day after day
He got stuck...
No food
Or water.*

*As idle
As a wave
His stomach
Nods its ribs
Non-merrily,
All the flesh
Has shrunk
With throat dry
And lips unsoaked.*

*His face is pale
And hands bony
For he looks
A lifeless lump.*

*Who can save?
This hungry man,
Who looks
A thin thing.*

*He never longs
For the dream foods
That he never ate.*

*Simple bread
And water
Is his seek.*

*Someone...
Shoot the sky
To shape a bread
Cut the clouds
To cup a water,
Let him rid
His long appetite
And
Bulk shall he become
And
Hunger he overcome.*

THE EVIL

*Oh! Angels come to their rescue,
For, there is such an evil in this earth,
No life is safe, thus come to their rescue,
For, days to be far off in this dark earth,
No man is safe, thus come to their rescue,
For, there is prolonged terrorism in this grave
earth,
No existence is safe, thus come to their rescue,*

For, to resist, the immortal evil – terrorism.

*No man is happy nor does his comrade,
All the earth is thus inflicted to terrorism,
Law persuades punishment, not a crystal stoppage,
Once prevailed humanity, now seen not an iota.
Oh! Holy spirits prepare for their care,
You meekest, pour your love on them,
Those lame, blind, disabled, though innocent:
Though innocent, fate advances through terrorism.*

*Their virtue punished through dreadful evil,
The evil of course, terrorism in its extreme,
What wrong have they done? Being innocent,
What tumult have they caused? In this world,
The terror evil with its extent full,
Eats all heavenly seeks, with its strength full.*

*Oh! Unholy Sylphs, cut the roots of terrorism,
For they attack on the sleeping child.
God's sake scavenge these evil dirt,
For they pollute their ones community.
Destroy them in their embryo,
For they induce revenge on their generations.
Eat away these evil worms,
For they cause terrifying diseases.
Oh! Spirit of governess, listen with ear wide,
Protect the human, comfort them with blessings,
For some span, keep away poverty,
For some years, give them those employments,
Protect the earth from its destruction,*

*Help them to change,
Un affected, un polluted by terrorism.*

INNOCENT IRAQIS.

*Their eyes speak through tears
Revealing all those fears.*

*Terror and destructions bark
They live somehow in dark*

*Men women and their dears
Shiver at the bullet that clears.*

*Children with no fun or amusement park
Their future- pity it is a question mark.*

*Women and girls hide their roots
But brutally they are looted by those brutes.*

*Every minute looking for a bomb blast
Their happiness now seems a memory past*

*To cry and weep each family is lost
Men in green have killed them fast.*

*Even nature with nuclear smoke is cognizant
Watch out, they are Iraqis so innocent.*

AN ELEGY TO MY MOBILE PHONE

*Whose eyes can behold?
Without blinking
When there is
A deep sleep
Around the eyes' pupils.*

*Where to search?
And ask to whom?
When your favourite
Sometimes is lost
With no vestige.*

*It came in my hands
Covered with coloured wrapper
A formal decorative essential
Unnecessary
When it is from my dad.*

*Model of the year
Most admired
Much desired
A gem like gift
A sister to walkie-talkie
Mobile phone it was.
And I sensed
My father's love perhaps.*

*Random thoughts
Preoccupied with ecstasy
I started to walk and talk
Lingering the mosaic
Verandah place.*

*Where not?
And to whom not?
I spoke for the whole lot
Even after occupying
Entirely in stupor state.*

*A blissful intoxication
Surrounded me.
I and my mobile phone
A pair so rare*

On common grounds.

*Not just words
But all the feelings
And my endearments
It saved and kept closed
To unleash in reverie.*

*I closed my eyes
When sleep tortured
To haunt.*

*Hound by ghastly figures
And obscure faces in dream
I woke up
With a sardonic yawn
And a ruthless visage.*

*I crept my hands
Inside the pillow
Only to find
That my mobile phone
Was lost and gone.*

*Bloody! Who took it?
I harangued my comrades.*

*In a state of trance
They said
That a thief for sure*

*Has proved for once
A jack of the trade.*

*A thief
I thought
In a thieves den
Is seldom
And incredible.*

*Suspicious I was
And uncertainty
Leapt past everyone
From Tom, Dick to Harry
Turning futile- my endeavors.*

*All at stake
My hopes
My joy
And my posterity
Again in fantasy.*

*Giving endless thoughts
I was searching
For a lie
That would suit
My dad's taunts.*

*To this moment
In memories abyss*

*My mobile phone
Scrapes green wounds
Cause of a day's stay with it.*

*I am helpless
I cannot trace
Who the culprit is?
So I do feel
Thus I do weep.*

HOT GUN

*Flame of death
Till the tip
Of the butt
Burns
To the fag end
Ending altogether
Into ashes
Leaving behind
The filter
Tipped with
Stained sponge.*

*Five minutes
In your life's total
Vanishes
And evaporates*

*With the wind
Erupting larva
Of ringed smokes
From your mouth's crater
And the face looks
An ugly volcano
When sucked in
From the death pipe.*

*Juxtaposed
With the heat of
Passion and fashion
And to the effects
It eats away
Your lungs' pancreas
The air sacs and alveoli
Dusting down
The rudiments of
Nicotine
Cankering your nucleus
To cancer
Storing behind
Tonnes of
Pus and tumour*

*Symptoms persist
And you go unswallowed
Swaying and swinging
To the death bed.*

*For months
With capsules and
A syringe plugged
Into the intra veins
With liquid chemicals
And finally
Garnished with surgeries
An attempt
To de-root the cankered tumour
And scrape out
The stuffed and stuck pus
From the lungs
Bronchi
And from where not?*

*Nothing helps
Let us pray
Says the doctor
And people around
Watch you with sympathy
Mixed with contempt.*

*Your foes
Inwardly laugh
And take a break
To have a fag.*

*From the death cot
You look at them*

*And pull up a smile
Bitterly crying inside
Feigning you can live.*

*But what next?
Your suicide attempt
Comes to a pompous end
Stepping upon the
Victory stand
Declaring your
Ultimate journey without ease.*

*You lie in the grave
Yet unrelieved
From cosmic pressure
And people's pleasure.
All you left behind
Was polluted air
And polluted fame
Just because of
The ten milli-metered
Hot gun.*

HELTER – SKELTER TIDE (TSUNAMI)

*Keep the doors shut
Forever
No, never shall come out
You kids of heaven – blessed ones.*

*What fantasy will you seek?
When you are never.*

*God's sake, stay back
The wind blows swift
And the tide rocks not
But flies – mind you.*

*They don't stop
To look at your cheeks
And shower kisses
But
With wide open
Mouth of hell*

*They leap
To have a feast.*

*Fresh ones
You all are
With tender hands
Fragile legs
And softy flesh.*

*Their hard
And cumbersome intestines
Can suck and digest
All you sweet meat children
Like a dollop.*

*Poor little kids
You may not cry
Nor will your screams heard.
You may breathe never
And ever forever
Your mechanisms
Will halt to cease.*

*Hues and cries of joy
Ends altogether
When that helter-skelter tide
Strike its force
And hydrodynamics fail.*

*None can resist
God O God!*

*None can live
Why do you send
That drastic wind?*

*Our little ones
All in a row
Clad in with water
And sand soils over
They look so huge
Fully bloated.*

*Of course...
They can become mummies
And their disfigured bodies
Can be treasured
With preservatory
Water salt they intook
In gallons.*

*But
What about their progenies?*

*For heaven's sake
Seal that tide's
Monster mouth of hunger
And dear little kids
Shut the door forever
Please don't go near
And never.*

BECOMING AN INTROVERT

*I dream
Of becoming great,
Someone in the society
Shining with fame.*

*But what means should I try?
And hope is one thing
I rely.*

*Aspirations together
With desperations
Had only succumbed me
In deceptions and cry.*

*The full fledged
Incorporation of
Revered dream into action
Has only made me
Sit and eat
Scaly deep fried fish
Along with my
Somber meals
That stinks later
When I belch*

*And stays along
Untill
The half baked roti
I take for my supper.*

*With un-laden stomach
Every morning, I forgo breads
To false kowtow
Someone in power
And go into a room
With jamboree of students
Eagerly looking
For a jester in me
And I fabricate bits and odds
To earn a title
Ah! They gladly call me
A jocose.*

*I come back
To the stenchy room I dwell
And jive on my
Achievements; and
Spit on my face
Ultimately blaming God.*

*Why am I here?
In a place
That stinks everywhere
And in a job*

*Which chops
My ear lobes
Hearing to
Jabbers of
Uncouth idiots.*

*Now still there is
No malice in my eyes
I only scream lengthy
At heart
To become great of the sort.*

*What should I be?
A question of unique hunger
Tut-tuts my present being
So low and inhibited.
My invincible thought
Says that I am a poet
Loaded with intrinsic memories
And a heart to fly overseas
To wet the pages
With nugget like
Sonnets and lyrics.*

*Can't I become
Greater than something?
Well...
Guffaws of the society
Proclaims that I can.
In fact no infirmity
I possess.*

*One thing I need
Is the right time
To nail my name
On the world's forehead.
But till then
I can see
I slowly
Becoming an introvert.*

UNBOUND KNOWLEDGE

*Ah! I studied too
Nietzsche's and cliché's
In a roundabout manner
Till the forehead forged
To bump towards eternity.*

*Amidst the crowded scholars
My student friends
Sitting in a ventilated
Classroom
Was so stuffy.*

*I gaped at the written blackboard
Which looked blank
And with open Coleridge and Eliot
The texts prescribed;
And scattered papers
With scribbled thoughts
At its table length
I tried and tried hard
To break open my skull
To stuff in
All the literature.*

*To pacify this quest
Of so called knowledge in me
A process of jumbling
And enigmatisation*

Was used as a tool of parlance.

*They my scholar teachers
With a massive effort
Bellowed out
Perspectives and views
All different kinds
Nothing than to lose their weight.*

*Some were garrulous
Some were peevish
And some fought with the wind
To show Iago as a pejorative
And sometimes
Some tore open their heart
To peel out
The oedipal Hamlet.*

*Funny animations
And boastful scholarships
In those renowned masters
Made me presume
That I was an empty head.*

*With no much notion
Or lucrative commotion
I sat back
Banging my head
And screwed loose
The bolts of my brain
Into which they ebbed in*

*Like a river
With a gush
And some rush.
But nothing stagnated
I tell you
It all flowed
Into the gut.*

GOOD BYE TRADITION

*A tatterdemalion of girls
Walk through
The ramp lane
Teasing their teats
Calling it a fashion week.*

*Unfathomable women
Hide behind the veil of vanity.*

*Wrathful men show their zealot
In becoming axiom emasculates.*

*A flamboyant mendacity
Makes a Merry – Andrew
Out of a mendicant
Repressing customary rituals.*

*And look
There it goes tradition in hearse
Replacing anti- orthodox
In bikinis.*

POET OF THE STATE

*The sky
The sun*

*The moon
The clouds
The earth
The sea
The waves
The thunder
The forest
The flowers
The birds
The wings
The women
The breasts
The thighs
The eyes
The kisses
And
The love.*

*Jumble it all
You will become a poet
Wordsworth of your words
Frozen like frost
Marvellous like Marvel
And when it is done
You are already John Donne.
Your state of art
Turns you into
The poet of the state.*

COME JOIN ME

*Come join me now
Friends and foes
All you men folks
Come join me sure
To form an anti-women's group.*

*Come those who weep
Under your bed covers
With silent sobs
All due to the bad pain
Caused by those
Silver, porcelain plates
And those cooker lids
Pans and utensils
Thrown with rage
On you and on you
In random movements
By those female folks
You married for life time.*

*Come all you
Who sit and watch
Your woman*

*Playing bridge
With her manicured friend
Gently smoking her cigarette.*

*Come you gentlemen
Who lose your patience
Waiting for your supper
Till all the soap operas
Get its grand applause
And emotional tears
From your wife.*

*Come you meekest
Who are pushed into a
Silent spectator
To witness your woman
Flirting with your dearest friend.*

*Come you tender hearted
Who are forced to buy
A house full of cosmetics
To veil your woman's age
And her rotten face.*

*Come you helpless
Who stand in the witness box
Explaining your innocence
And fighting against
Your charges
Under dowry act.*

*Come now all you men
Who are suppressed
Subjugated, abused,
Cheated, confined,
Isolated and exploited
By females.*

*Come join me now
Let's fight these
So called fragile,
Tender, empowered weaker sex
No no ! I say mightier sex
Female chauvinists.*

*Come come....
Let's stop it
Let's form one
An anti-female group .*

*Let's not tolerate dear
Let's put an end
To all these rubbish.
Let's fight
All these Adam teasing man.*

MY BEST FRIEND

*At this lonely hour
I bite my lips
And squeeze my eye lashes
To steeply shed down
My wavering thoughts of grief
Lamenting on something deep.*

*Not be afraid says my friend
Best friend and one in need.*

*Rubbing his palms across my heart
He lathers the balm of consolation
Creating an aura of foaming ease.*

*Looks into my eyes, my friend
Senses the constant pain I cried
And swings his finger
Over my cheeks
To bleach away
Tear marks that rapidly formed.*

*He tries his heart and tongue
With crisp short wits and jokes
To enlighten the ring of bubbiness
At the corner of my lips
And made elongated to form a smile.*

*Arms around my shoulders
He walks the same foot I do.
Pats at times the nape
Ensuring his love towards me
To pour it only on me.*

*He lives with me and my soul
Pulling down all the grief,
Tones of sorrows
And love pain
That which reduced
The whole of me.
And he stands beside me
Giving love, laughter and life.*

*Driven with the past
He comes at rescue
My heart sobs
Like a nebula
From the day it started to ache
He sits and waits and looks
At me and along with me.*

*Know it then
That best friend of mine
Is I and me.*

LOVE STORY

*Yesterday my heart was limping
With sorrow and pain simultaneous.*

*Pain was more than sorrow
And it devoured the heart chambers.*

O' cruel love!

*It was you and your broken vow
Seldom did know
That one stood with you was I.*

*At each and every your smile
I came closer nibbling your soul
And you came faster than me
Closing your heart but with love love lock.*

*It ran smoothly, very sweet
Making me fly with ecstasy.
I felt you did the same
And so we came to a sacred wed-lock.*

*It became divine to me
Happy and pleased you were
And you over poured your romance
Which swept me with a love flood.*

*So does come today
My love tale taking its twist.*

*The fingers that caressed
Now has risen to point charges.*

*you misunderstand, you are mad!
Love filled mouth spits out
And these words dear
Makes me mad for bad.*

When did I decline to woe?

*Or when did I forget to kiss your toe?
All that happened was so blind
Now you say you don't have peace of mind.*

*You give up me and our love
For some bastard
Who soothed you on hard days
When you failed to come to me.*

*Yes sir, now I am done
My heart is full
And it is bed- ridden
Ready to be carried to the grave.*